

**SPECIAL MESSAGE  
FOR MEN  
PLANNING  
THEIR  
FUTURE**



# Today's Big Pay Opportunity Is in Color TV

PREPARE AT HOME for a successful future in our fast growing industry



## BUILD A COMPLETE TV SET AT HOME!

CTI training is *really practical!* You work with test instruments and tools, solve real problems. You actually build a new 21-inch TV set with tools and parts CTI furnishes!

## EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

CTI shows you quickly how to trouble-shoot, make typical repairs. Many students start doing part-time service work while still training. It's not uncommon for a student to earn more than the cost of his course with such part-time jobs.

## EASY TO UNDERSTAND

CTI training is planned for the *beginner!* You don't need previous experience . . . or even a grade school diploma. If you can read and write, CTI can train you — with a few "free time" hours a week. A skilled instructor will gladly help you if you need it.

**for your FREE Opportunity Booklet  
tear out this coupon NOW  
before you turn the page!**



## Already there's a BIG DEMAND for trained men in COLOR TV and industrial electronics

Now, with the boom in COLOR television growing by the day, the need for trained service men is more urgent than ever. For the man who knows what makes these new sets "tick," all America is a new frontier today!

CTI has trained thousands of men in every age group — with and without formal education — for steady, well-paid jobs in this growth field.

And CTI can train you for this "opportunity industry" — right in your own home, in your spare time! For complete information, mail coupon below. No obligation.



## BUILD A TUBE CHECKER AND ELECTRONIC VOLTMETER

CTI sends you — at no extra cost — 29 kits of parts and tools to build a tube checker and electronic voltmeter (as well as a TV set). You'll use these test instruments soon in your training, and on service calls. Send coupon for catalog which describes kits fully.

## SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY COUPON

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE  
1400 Grandview Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60626 Dept. T-E

Without cost or obligation rush me your FREE booklet, "You and Your Future in Television Electronics."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

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**COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60626

№2  
JUNE-JULY

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



# HERBIE

12¢



THERE'S NO CRIME TOO AWFUL, NO MYSTERY TOO DARK FOR THE FAT FURY TO SOLVE! ALL WE CAN SAY IS THAT WE'D HATE TO HAVE HIM ON OUR TRAIL, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY, LET'S LOOK INTO THE BLOOD-CHILLING CASE OF---

# "HERBIE and the PURLOINED POPS!"

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA

ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



MORNING---OUR STOUT-HEARTED AND STOUTER-BELLIED HERO HAD BUT ONE WISH---

LOLLIPOP---



NO LOLLIPOPS---



I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, HERBIE, AND I'VE GOT NONE. WHAT'S MORE, I'M NOT TALKING, SEE?

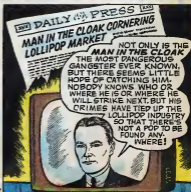


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FROM STORE TO STORE HE WENT--AND EVERYWHERE--



FINALLY--IN THE LAST PLACE IN TOWN--



NO LOLLIPOPS---AND AS THE DAYS PASSED---

LOLLIPOPS  
---PANT---  
LOLLIPOPS



IF---IF NOBODY ELSE IS  
GONNA DO ANYTHING, IT'S UP  
TO ME! I'VE GOTTA FIND THE  
MAN IN THE CLOAK---AND  
SKEAK HIS GRIP ON THE POP  
INDUSTRY!



AND SO THE FAT FURY HIT THE TRAIL. HIS  
FIRST STOP WAS AT THE CANDY STORE  
WHERE HE'D SEEN THE VILLAIN---

HI,  
HERBIE!

HI. YOU HANG  
AROUND HERE A LOT---I NEED  
INFORMATION.



YOU HERE WHEN  
THE MAN IN THE  
CLOAK RAN OUT A  
FEW DAYS BACK?  
SEE WHERE  
HE WENT?

DROVE OFF  
IN A POLKA-  
DOTTED TRUCK,  
HEADED  
THATAWAY!



HERBIE FOLLOWED THE ROAD UNTIL IT  
BRANCHED---

HI,  
MISTINGUETTE.

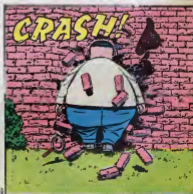
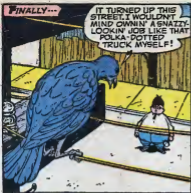
YA CAN'T SEE  
I'M BUSY WASHIN'  
MYSELF! WAIT TILL  
I FINISH MY EARS  
AND I'LL TALK.



SEE ANYTHING OF  
A POLKA-DOTTED  
TRUCK PASSING  
HERE COUPLE  
OF DAYS AGO?

SURE---WENT  
THAT WAY. I  
ALWAYS DID  
WANT TO DRIVE  
A JOB LIKE  
THAT!





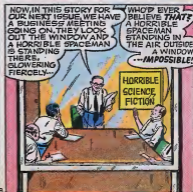
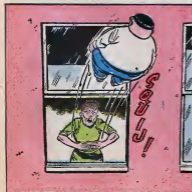


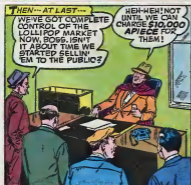
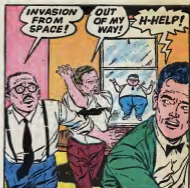
FINALLY HIS AWFUL CRAVING APPEASED, HE SEARCHED THE PLACE FOR A CLUE TO THE ARCH-CRIMINAL--



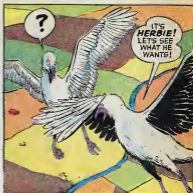


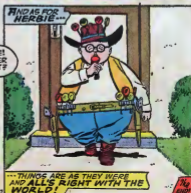












# KITCHY WITCH



**KITCHY WITCH FOUND THE ANSWER IN VARIETY--**

**VARIETY**

MIRACLE PICTURES TESTING APPLICANTS FOR LEAD ROLE OPPOSITE MAURICE HAMBONE

SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUCKY GIRL IS GOING TO WIN THE ROMANTIC LEAD AND WILL APPEAR IN MIRACLE'S GREAT LOVE EPIC WITH MAURICE HAMBONE THE FAMOUS STAR--

EE-YIPE! ALL I GOTTA DO IS TAKE A SCREEN TEST AND I'M IN! YEGGIR, THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE!

**BUT WHEN KITCHY APPLIED FOR THAT SCREEN TEST--**





# LOLLIPOP ASTRONAUT

Mr. Popnecker looked up from his newspaper with a gasp. "This space expedition to the Planet Fink", he gasped. "You know who's been appointed to head it? General Merton Boop, my uncle's friend, that's who! That gives me the chance I've been waiting for, mom. Herbie, that Little Fat Nothing of ours—he could be *something* if he got to go along on an expedition like that. Why, he'd see history being made! And General Merton Boop wouldn't refuse me—I'm sure of it."

The General didn't refuse. "Har-rumph!" he said. "Might be able to use a boy at that. Hope he appreciates the honor, by George. Har-rumph!" And he proceeded with his work of organizing the expedition. Under him came three dignified colonels, four self-important lieutenant-colonels and five stiff-necked majors. And under all of them came—Herbie. "Har-rumph!" said the General. "Don't you *dare* suck that lollipop in my presence!" The colonels glared at Herbie and told him to pull his stomach in, which would have required a magician. The lieutenant-colonels ordered him always to stand in their presence. As for the majors, they growled whenever they saw him and set him to work at any and every job they could think of.

Dad and mom took a tearful leave of Herbie just before blastoff. "There isn't much you'll be able to do on a trip like this," said dad. "Just remember what an honor it is!" And Herbie remembered...but he soon found out something disturbing. General, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors. They were the officers—but how about the crew? That was Herbie. Cook the food—Herbie. Serve the food—Herbie. Wash the dishes, clean the ship—Herbie. And "Grease those engines, you hear, Herbie?"

He couldn't have stood it if he hadn't had

the forethought to lay in an ample stock of lollipops. So there wasn't much for him to do on a trip like this, huh? What with the commands from every officer, he found that he was working a 24-hour day. It was exhausting—so much so that he gained twelve pounds. One thing he could be thankful for—it was a peaceful, uneventful trip as they darted through space towards the Planet Fink. Peaceful and uneventful, that is, until the day when they sighted a huge comet plunging straight for them. And no matter how much the rocket changed course, there was no shaking off the grim pursuer, which closed in relentlessly. There was only one way in which it could end—collision and extinction for everyone aboard. So the general, the colonels, the lieutenant-colonels and the majors gathered in a group and howled. "Get no place that way", thought Herbie. So he opened an escape hatch and walked out of the rocket. Through space he trudged, right up to the comet, which headed for him fiercely. "Out of my way, Popnecker!" it growled, but you don't mess around with Herbie. There was only one thing to do, and that was to hop it with his lollipop. He never wasted words when it came to lollipop-hopping, and the comet blew to pieces with a mighty roar. Back to the rocket plodded Herbie. He entered to find that he hadn't even been missed. General, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors were arguing about who should get the credit for destroying the comet—and they were still arguing when the fuel ran out. "Never get to Planet Fink *this* way," Herbie muttered to himself. Once again he headed out through an escape hatch, got behind the rocket and started pushing. It got to be a little tiring after the first few million miles, particularly when the time came to land the big craft on the target planet. He had to grab it by the nose



and set it down gently on its tail. Then all the high muck-n-mucks aboard poured out, debaring as to just who among them should get the credit for the successful landing. "Got 'em here," thought Herhie. "Can relax now."

Wrong. A Popnecker can never relax. Towards them, over the surface of the Planet Fink, crawled the grand-daddy of all serpents. It was roughly five miles long, weighed a trifle under a million tons ring-side and craved an appetizer made up of a general, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors. Howling in fear, they headed back into the rocket on the run, leaving Herhie to face the oncoming menace. "Back!" said Herhie. "Your fodder's moustache", hissed the huge reptile. "Hold my lollipop", said Herhie. And when the top brass at length ventured timidly out of their hideout, there was that king-sized serpent neatly tied up in the best Boy Scout knots that Herbie Popnecker could remember. "Abem!" said the General. "Obviously it must have sighted the stars on my shoulders and was so frightened that it tied itself in knots!" The colonels thought it was their eagles that were responsible, while the lieutenant-colonels and majors were inclined to ascribe the credit to their oak leaves. But they didn't have too much time to argue about it. It happened while Herhie was out gathering food for the expedition—a large group of two-headed Spacemen attacked and captured every last officer. Herhie saw it happen from a distance and drew a despairing breath. Really, this was almost too much—was he never to get a chance to relax? But "Americans", said Herhie. "Gotta save 'em".

So right into the King's palace he strode. "Got some of my people here," he said. "Let 'em go."

"Just because you're Herhie Popnecker?" asked the King scornfully, speaking through his left head. "Like he says", barked his right head. "What can you do, anyway?"

"Bop you with this here lollipop," said

Herhie menacingly. Both heads turned white and before you knew it, every one of the officers was released and presented with an apology and his weight in gold. And each of them had his own opinion as to who should receive the credit for it all. "Better get 'em back to Earth before they start fighting about it", thought Herhie. Before he could do this, however, he had to get the rocket fuel for the return trip. There just wasn't any on the Planet Fink, so Herhie ended up making it himself. He had to mix a batch of cough syrup, raw onions, hen's teeth, after-shaving lotion and powdered chowder, but the resultant solution lacked oomph. Stirring it with a special High Oceanic Lollipop finally did the job. The rocket blasted off with the roar of a thousand earthquakes and back through space it darted.

You can just about imagine the furore when the expedition returned to Earth. There were parades, banquets, wild celebrations. Congress voted medals to the General, the colonels, the lieutenant-colonels and the majors. Matter of fact, the only one who *didn't* get a medal was Herhie, because after all, what had he done? His father was so ashamed that he couldn't look anyone in the face: "I must have been crazy to ever hope that he'd do anything!" he muttered.

As for Herhie, he was frankly and fatly tired. And why not, when he hadn't had time to sleep for a single second during the eight months the expedition had lasted? He had eyes for only one thing when he returned home—a new hammock that had been slung between the house and the big oak tree that stood alongside it. He collapsed into it and a majestic snore rent the air, ascending towards the Outer Space from which he had so recently returned.

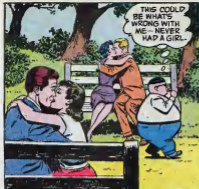
Shuddering, Mr. Popnecker clapped his hands over his suffering ears and turned away his suffering eyes. "Why don't I give up trying?" he asked. "I might as well resign myself. He's a *Little Fat Nothing*—and that's all he'll ever be!"

IS IT ENOUGH TO BE A POWERHOUSE? CAN YOU BE HAPPY BEING JUST A MUSCLEMAN? HERCULES HAD A SECRET DREAM OF BEING A LOVER-BOY... AND GOLIATH WAS A SENTIMENTALIST AT HEART! EVEN HE-CLAMS HAVE THEIR SHE-CLAMS... SO YOU CAN'T BLAME OUR FAT FURY FOR THINKING--

# "WHAT YOU NEED is a GIRL, HERBIE!"



STORY:-SHANE O'SHEA  
ART:-OGDEN WHITNEY











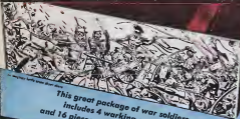
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# 132<sup>PC.</sup> ROMAN SOLDIER SET

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## Here's what you get:

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| 24 Cavalrymen with<br>Spear & Arrow | 4 Working Catapults                                |
| 4 Cavalrymen with<br>Banner         | 16 Pieces of ammunition<br>(harmless for catapult) |
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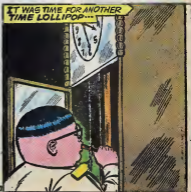
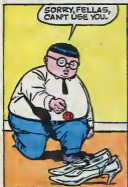
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Canadian orders, Send Int'l. money orders for \$1.98.

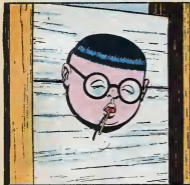
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illustrations of pieces  
shown below!



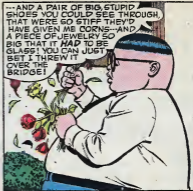
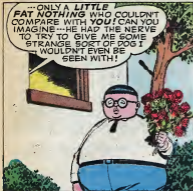












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11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2694.

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*In my classes this same course of instruction would cost \$110.00*

11. I will never up fellow thins on my  
2. I will never let that son and give  
you head up on my head. I will  
BODY, associated with  
about of hand back hand  
some things. I will  
you into a beating, street  
WILL KILL YOU - but son  
will do what I want to do.  
I'll give you a son  
backhand - son  
I can back solid DYNASTY  
into your life and give you a ripped hand  
some world level.  
BODY APPEAL, and with NO experience  
= NO following  
outstanding = NO experience

Into your Ears and give you a stopped hand,  
sawing built (or full) of the magnetic RIVER.  
BRODY APPEAL. And with NO starvation drive  
= NO following callouts = NO expensive  
Buckshot!

DYNAMILK is the modern miracle of bodybuilding. To achieve the primary objective of "muscular" diets, DYNAMILK is the essential discovery of a West German Doctor whose research into the Science of Muscles found a substance that can be used to build muscles in 20 minutes a day. With DYNAMILK you "flex" each muscle once in a certain way—that is, many effective that if you exercised that muscle 30, 60, even 120 times a day, you would not see any results. DYNAMILK will get larger muscles in 20 minutes. That's why you see it growing and growing, building better

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 to bring out the sound, deeply relaxing and  
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 body's breathing system and strengthens the  
 entire body's inner  
 cover your body inside with healthy, supple  
 muscles—the good deep, powerful muscularity  
 that makes the body strong and healthy. The  
 low-mass body structure is—simply this  
 DYNAPLCK—each muscle back a day!  
 DYNAPLCK is the only  
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 with whole-line and sensory, who want and  
 who need to feel the difference. DYNAPLCK  
 SANS-DRUGS BODY—water  
 water—water—water—water with the DYNAPLCK

Be honest. How deep do you KNOW you are? You boy with the villa, sunglasses, bella, every girl and boy secretly desires a broad, strong back, a solid (muscle-encased) chest, broad, even broader shoulders, arms strapping with large, strong sinews, a narrow waist, slim legs and spry, power-packed feet. Be a fellow with TWO-TESTED DICK MUSCLE APPEAL... they only laugh at skinny guys at "muscle".

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[illegible]

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**Mike Marvel**

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[illegible]

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